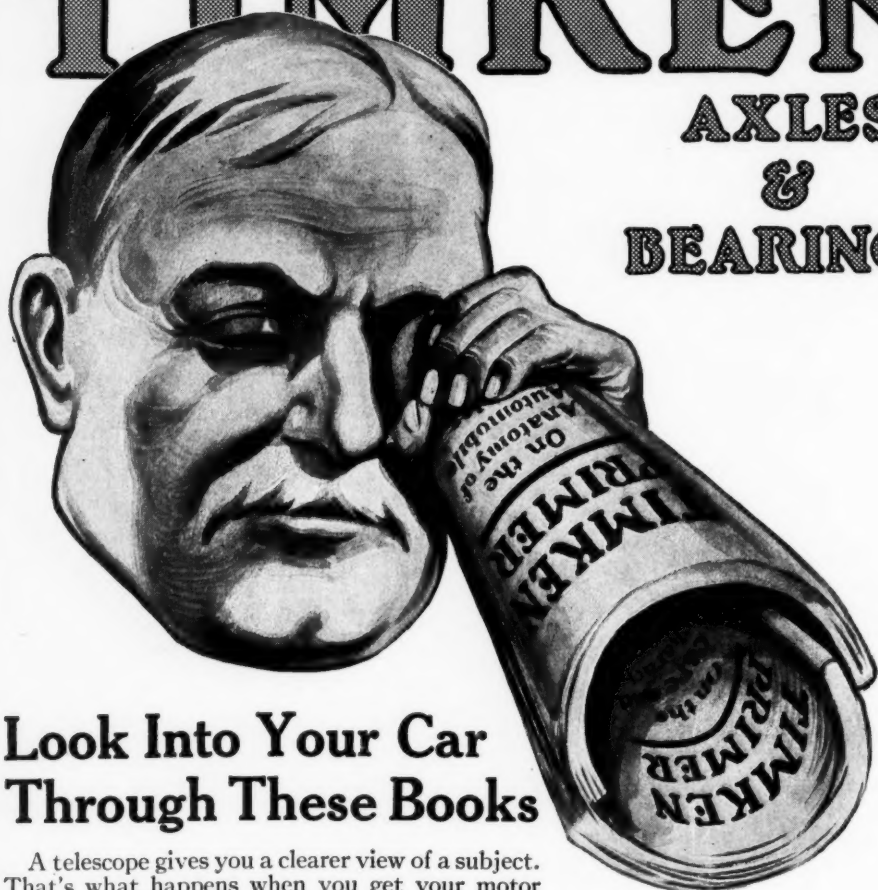




"GOOD SUNSET, ISN'T IT?"

TIMKEN

AXLES & BEARINGS



Look Into Your Car Through These Books

A telescope gives you a clearer view of a subject. That's what happens when you get your motor car into the focus of these books.

The day of professed mechanical ignorance is passed—today motor car knowledge is a source of pride. Actual sales records for the past year show that car buyers are of the "Missouri type" more than ever as regards construction. They want facts—not mere assertions of superiority.

The motor-wise car owner knows the importance of axles and bearings—how they mean strength, safety, and economy of power if they are good—how much trouble they can create if they're not.

You can put yourself into the progressive class by reading the Timken Primers and learning more about the vitals of your car. These interesting books describe the manufacture of Timken Axles and Bearings, from their design until they are engineered into different makes of cars.

They describe the foundation upon which Timken satisfaction has been built—what has made Timken the choice of motor car engineers who value strength of construction and of motor car buyers who demand long life and safety. There's proof of this in the long list of "Timken equipped" cars which is a book by itself.

These three books, "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and "The Companies Timken Keeps," sent free on post-card request to either Timken Company. There'll be no follow-up. No salesman will call. Write for them today.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
Detroit, Michigan
The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
Canton, Ohio

Preventives That Preserve

THE reason that preventive health measures go along so slowly is that the doctors are not vitally interested in any kind of prevention that will not preserve themselves.

Thorough-going sanitary regulations and the general inculcation of correct dietary and rest principles would work wonders in getting rid of disease, but they would also get rid of eighty or ninety per cent. of the doctors. Accordingly, professional ethics, which is another way of saying self-preservation, requires doctors to invent something that must be applied by vaccination or inoculation, necessitating the attendance of a duly ordained physician with his medicine-case and his bill. Hence the steady supply of preventives that don't prevent and the dearth of preventives that do prevent.

The Ways of the Capitalist

BEHOLD, the Capitalist is abroad in the land; his ways passeth understanding.

He layeth his hands on the fields, and on the treasures in the bowels of the earth, saying, "It is the Lord's and mine."

His usury stirreth up strifes, but his bank account covereth all sins.

He delighteth in a false balance, but a just weight is his abomination.

He merely winketh with the eye and raiseth the price of coal and oil.

He pulleth the strings, and behold, lawmakers, judges and Presidents hasten to do his bidding.

He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his gunmen.

He gathereth unto himself in the summer: yea, in the autumn and in the winter and the spring doth he gather unto himself.

He gloateth on the words of the soothsayer, but the words of a Socialist are as vinegar to his teeth.

He lighteth the way with the burning tents of his laborers, but he is a buckler to those that boweth meekly to his law.

Verily, his cunning is manifest, but he shall rest from his labor, and the earth shall know him no more.



DIARY January 14, 1814.

"We started to Philadelphia today, and it proved a rare cold day for a journeying. We left the coach at noon day for the comforts of a wayside inn, where we lingered over some wonderful

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Thoroughly appreciated in the days of stage-coach journeys—and just as good today. A straight Pennsylvania Rye whiskey of mellow flavor and rare bouquet. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

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Four ex
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SPECIAL

Three 18-h
course; ten
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Pinehurs
Leonard T

FIVE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD ASK FOR HOLSTEIN COWS' MILK

First—Holstein Cows' Milk is indorsed by leading American medical authorities. Our booklet, "Specialists' Evidence," quotes a number of them.

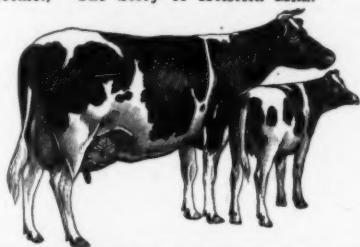
Second—Holstein Cows' Milk contains an abundance of body-building proteids. This fact renders it an ideal food for growing children.

Third—Holstein Cows' Milk possesses a vitalizing quality not found in other milks, which fact should settle the milk question for thinking people, for vitality is akin to life itself.

Fourth—Oftentimes when the milk of other breeds has caused digestive disturbances and similar disorders, Holstein Cows' Milk proves to be of tremendous value. As a matter of fact, Holstein Milk is that which specialists prescribe for the feeding of infants and invalids.

Fifth—Holstein Milk is also superior for cooking purposes. The small fat-globules, forming curds of a tender, flaky nature, ensure light bread, cake, etc.

Ask your milkman for Holstein Milk. If he cannot supply you let us know and we will endeavor to locate a source of supply for you. Let us send you our new free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."



THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
8-X American Bldg. Brattleboro, Vermont

Who Killed Peace?

ALL the vultures of the air drew near to honor the death of Peace.

"I," said the Philosopher, "with my subtle and ambiguous analysis and my trusty tweedledee and tweedledum working upon the plastic passions of kings and rulers, I killed Peace."

"'Twas I," said the Historian, "with my erudition and misapplication, my

pugnacity and mendacity, 'twas I who rendered Peace *hors de combat*."

Said the Gunmaker: "I did it, with bribes and my credit; also the military propaganda which I was able to force upon an unsuspecting, simple-minded and at heart purely domestic people. I was the one who did it."

"'Twas I," said the Kaiser, "with my brilliant blue eye, sir, and my war-like ambition which compels recognition. It must have been Me."

Then the chief mourners present, who were paying the expenses of the funeral, solemnly raised their glasses and said:

"Here's to the whole lot of you. You all had a hand in it. Each one did his share. All of you together, not one before the other, put the quietus on Peace. Amen."

Sigismund Schulz Goldwater

THE fame of New York's enterprising Health Commissioner is spreading rapidly abroad. We find the following appreciative reference in *A Stuffed Club*, published away out in the wilds of Denver:

New York's Health Commissioner conceives a great scheme for increasing the length of the lives of New Yorkers from three to five years. The plan calls for periodical physical examination of every individual in the city, and the instruction of laymen in elemental hygiene; the examinations to be paid for by those who can afford to pay.

The name of this enterprising doctor is S. S. Goldwater. What connection, if any, can the doctor's name have with the scheme? Could it mean a swift specific for watering the gold stock held by New York physicians? Or a swift specific for washing gold into the exchequer of New York's medical profession?

But that isn't all, friend. His full name is Sigismund Schulz Goldwater, which, to the well-equipped astrologer and symbolist, must reveal much more concerning this busy gentleman. There must be in the talismanic "Sigismund Schulz" something to indicate that this is not only the Dr. Goldwater who wants to examine everybody, and especially those who can pay, but also the Dr. Goldwater who wants to have a general round-up of all ages for vaccination purposes, and the Dr. Goldwater who wants to muzzle everybody's dog.

He doesn't do things by halves or quarters or eighths or sixteenths. He is as thorough as a census-taker. Undoubtedly he is even now thinking up additional "General Orders" for us five million of New Yorkers. We await his commands with calm resignation.

E. O. J.



Lilas de Rigaud

"The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories"

LILAS DE RIGAUD is the exquisite essence of a beautiful past, brought back for your remembering.

What more lovely gift to a friend than the reincarnation of an old joy (or to a nearer than friend)?

Treasured memories of the Old-fashioned Garden are stored lavishly in every drop of Lilas—the wonder-fragrance, full of the gold of the sun, the freshness of the dew, the wine of the South-wind, the magic of Spring.

Pass it on at Giving Time. It will carry a world of happiness as it goes.

Extract, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Powder, Cold Cream, Sachet, all lilac-scented. For sale at high-class Toilet Goods Departments

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London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample upon request.
Falk Tobacco Co., 56 West 45th St. New York.

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by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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Center of Winter out-of-door life in the Middle South

Four excellent Hotels—many Cottages.
The Carolina NOW OPEN.
Holly Inn, Berkshire and Harvard open early in January.

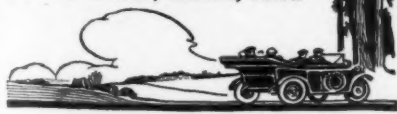
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 Three friends, one year fifteen dollars.

(For postage, see coupon)

Send us the money at once, at the rate specified above, and to each friend whose name and address you enclose we will forward the card, reproduction of which is printed on this page. This card is printed in colors on heavy cardboard, and will be received with surprise and delight.

Handsome premium picture in colors,
 "WHERE LOVE IS", given with
 each yearly subscription.

The Christmas Number of Life is now on sale everywhere.
 Twenty-five cents a copy.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



English Climber (looking over): "I SAY, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A 'DROP'—EH, WHAT!"

American Climber (otherwise engaged): "BELIEVE ME, IT IS *SOME* DROP; IT'S 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL—STRAIGHT OUT OF THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

The satisfaction of getting a whisky of undoubted superiority is only equalled by the certainty of always getting it at its best—that is why "Johnnie Walker" is put in the non-refillable bottle.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label Whisky is over 10 years old.

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Gorham

For Christmas

1914

Novel and Useful Gifts

In

Platinum—Gold—Silver
Silver Plate—Leather—Bronze
Sculpture—Stationery

THIS LIST SHOWS A FEW OF THE ITEMS OFFERED FOR SELECTION:

After-Dinner Coffee Sets*
Almond Dishes
Baby Sets*
Bangles
Bar Pins
Bead Bags
Birthmonth Sets*
Bon Bon Baskets
Book Ends
Book Marks
Bottle Openers
Brandy and Soda Sets*
Bread Trays
Brooches
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Candlesticks
Candy Boxes
Canes
Card Cases
Chafing Dishes
Cheese Dishes and Servers
Children's Sets*
Cigar Magazines with Humidors
Cigar Sets*
Cigarette Cases
Cocktail Pails
Cocktail Sets*
Coin Purses
Collarettes
Colognes
Corkscrews
Crochet Needles
Crosses
Decanters
Desk Sets*
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Eyeglass Cases
Finger Rings
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Flasks
Flower Baskets
Food Pushers
Fruit Sets*
Glove Boxes

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Highball Sets*
Iced Tea Sets*
Jam Jars and Trays
Jewel Boxes
Knives, Forks and Spoons
Lamps
Lapel Chains
Lemonade Sets*
Lingerie Clasps
Lorgnettes
Manicure Sets*
Mesh Bags

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Rattles
Relish Dishes
Ribbon Watch Chains
Salad Sets*
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Sautoirs
Scarf Fasteners
Scarf Pins
Scissors Sets*
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Sewing Baskets
Sherbet Sets*
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Smokers' Sets*
Statuary
Suit Cases
Sweet Pails
Tantalus Stands
Tea Balls
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Toilet Articles for Children
Toilet Articles for Men
Toilet Articles for Women
Toilet Sets in Rolls
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Prices
fit every purse

Military Brushes
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Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

Fifth Avenue
Maiden Lane

* Where sets are mentioned, the individual pieces as well are for sale.

Life



HEROES





SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE BEGINNER

Rare-book Scamps Bagged

ON November 2d two more of those nasty scamps who sell alleged "rare books" for very large sums to inexperienced or defective rich people were found guilty in a Federal Court of the legal equivalent to swindling.

That was a good job. These rascals beat the very Germans in their larcenous practices in behalf of culture. Rich old ladies of a weakened discretion were their favorite victims.

Besides the two, J. J. Farmer and "Colonel" Hartley, now convicted, another, a son of Farmer, is in jail in Massachusetts, another is credited to a lunatic asylum, another has pleaded guilty, another has been arrested, and another has got off.

It may be a year or two before the rare-book swindle becomes good again.

Dr. Shaw Prescribes

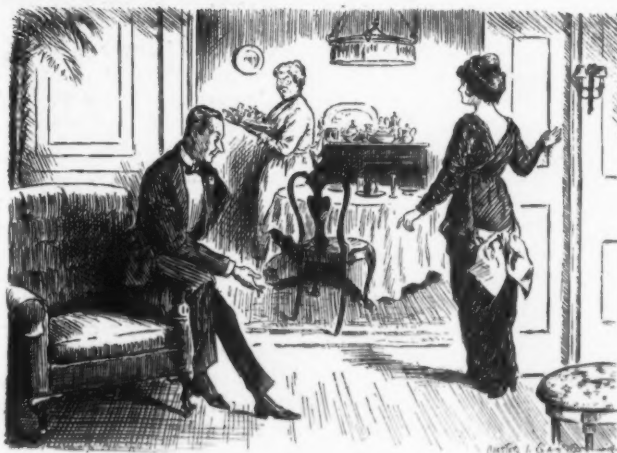
Trade unionism must be instituted in the army, so that there shall be accredited secretaries in the field to act as a competent medium of communication between the men on service and the political representatives of their class at the war office.

—Bernard Shaw.

GRAND, Bernard, grand! But if you have an outfit of walking delegates for the British Army, your ideal must include the possibility of strikes, and since the time to strike is when business is most brisk, the soldier strikes would be called just before important battles.

At present soldier strikes are known as mutinies, and are not so rare that systematic provision for increasing and conducting them seems necessary. Besides, if the British Army were supplied with walking delegates and the German Army had none, the competition would be so unequal that very soon all British labor troubles would be settled by efficient gentlemen from Berlin.

Think what you will of the German Army, Bernard. When you regard it as an organization of strike-breakers, it cannot but look formidable. And that is what it would be if the British Army were unionized.



THE UP-TO-DATE DAUGHTER

"DO YOU MIND IF I CLOSE THE DOOR, MOTHER? I HATE TO SEE YOU WORK"

Walk Ashore, Mr. Daniels!



During the last twenty months, ever since Secretary Meyer left the Navy Department, there has been in our navy a great falling off relatively to other nations. It was quite impossible to avoid this while our national affairs were handled as they have recently been handled. The President who intrusts the Departments of State and the Navy to gentlemen like Messrs. Bryan and Daniels deliberately invites disaster in the event of serious complications with a formidable foreign opponent.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

WE hear a great deal of damage to the navy, especially to its morale, proceeding out of the activities of Secretary Daniels. Specific depositions covering the whole case are hard to procure, because the men who know best about the navy are its officers, and they cannot talk for publication. The navy is an instrument for the preservation of peace, effective in direct proportion to its efficiency for war. The duty of being efficient for war is by an overwhelming preponderance the main duty of the navy. That Mr. Daniels is devoted to keeping the navy in a condition of the highest possible efficiency for war is almost universally doubted. It is thought that his desires lead him to work directly for the pacification of the navy, rather than for the maintenance of peace through the efficiency of the navy as a fighting instrument.

But we do not want the navy to be pacified. We want it to be a militant organization; sober, disciplined, sane, wholesome, obedient, but militant. We do not care that the navy should be a floating kindergarten, as Mr. Daniels is supposed to desire. It costs too much for that. We would rather have our kindergartening done ashore and keep and train the navy for possible use primarily as a fighting machine, though useful, too, for certain peace jobs as they come along.

If Mr. Daniels has the confidence of any considerable number of our citizens as the President's agent to manage the navy, it would be nice if those citizens would rise and be counted. It is certain that there is a great company of citizens who have no such confidence in him, and who deplore his continuance in his present position.

Why his particular talents should ever have seemed to the President suitable for the guidance of the navy is one of the deepest mysteries of current politics. It seems to have been something that just happened, just as it happened that Mr. Marshall was selected to run for Vice-President. But Mr. Marshall was selected by a convention, and conventions are usually haphazard about picking Vice-Presidents. And besides, Mr. Marshall had a reputation until he became Vice-President, whereas no one knew Mr. Daniels but to be sure he wasn't a fit man to boss the navy.

The selection of Mr. Bryan to be Secretary of State was quite a different matter. Mr. Bryan, from the standpoint of executive efficiency, is probably the worst Secretary

of State we ever had, and was expected to be the worst. But Mr. Bryan, in his peculiar way, amounts to something, and the administration needed his support, and has had it, whereas the support of Mr. Daniels would have been more valuably secured by leaving him to conduct his newspaper in North Carolina.

It is a grievous thing to see a man of Mr. Daniels's facilities wasted on the navy, and to see an institution with the possibilities of our navy wasted on Mr. Daniels. Here are a pair who do not belong together. It should not be necessary to scuttle the navy in order to rid it of Mr. Daniels. A way obviously more suitable would be to put out a plank and let Mr. Daniels walk ashore.

Guaranteeing the News

OUR neighbor, the *Tribune*, announces a bit of progress in that henceforth it will guarantee its readers against loss or dissatisfaction due to the purchase of any wares advertised in its columns.

No one could possibly object to that, but if the *Tribune* really wants to do the handsome thing, why doesn't it guarantee its readers against loss or dissatisfaction due to incorrect news items or illogical editorials or insane financial reviews appearing in its columns? A paper like that would certainly be worth having.

I CARE not who fights the battles of my country so long as I see the moving pictures.



Tommy (to himself): I DON'T SEE WHY THE VISITORS SHOULD GET ALL THE BEST MEAT. IT'S OUR TURKEY



THIS MAP, PUBLISHED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF "LIFE", HAS BEEN RETURNED WITH CORRECTIONS SHOWN ABOVE BY "AN OFFENDED READER", WITH A GERMAN NAME

The Crown Prince Likes Life

A glance at the reading-table in the Crown Prince's room nailed the generally repeated story that he reads only what is clipped for him. I saw on his table leading American, English, French and Italian papers, with several numbers of *Puck* and *LIFE*. I asked him what he thought of American humor, and he replied that *LIFE* was one of his favorite magazines because of its clever political satire, its wisdom and its faculty for puncturing conceit.

—The interview with Crown Prince.

OF course we think better of the Crown Prince for his good opinion of *LIFE*. If he has kept up with that publication since August 1st and still can speak as he does, he is more of a philosopher than we had supposed. There seems to be nothing the matter with the Crown Prince except the distressing ailment which affects the whole of Germany—the national

big-head, growing out of sudden prosperity, and an extreme over-appreciation of Germany's virtue, power, relative importance and duty to the rest of mankind. No doubt all the Kaiser's boys have caught the disease which has been epidemic in Germany, but otherwise, judging from what one reads and hears, they seem to be as good a family of boys, simple, decent and affectionate, as there is in Europe.

Blessed Inefficiency

DR. J. H. Tilden, of Denver, says:

"The only reason we do not have more fatalities from vaccine against smallpox is because the poison fails to get deep enough to gain entrance to the circulation or the material used is inert."

Thus we see that professional carelessness and commercial imposture are not always without their compensations.

The Inferiority of the Negro

OUR friends down South, being sure that the negroes are inferior, deny them advantages and provide inferior schools for negro children in order that they will continue to be inferior and thus prove the correctness of the contention of the scientists and sentimentalists that the negro is inferior. After all, there is nothing quite so satisfying as the feeling that you have got things fixed so that you will always have an inferior race in your midst.

THE Germans do not understand other people. Their diplomacy has shown that convincingly. Most of the letters of American Germans to the newspapers show the same thing. They do not get even a glimmer of the American point of view.

Our Only Hope

"PAPA," said Harold, "I see that Congress has opened again. I wish you would tell me just what they do."

Harold's papa smiled almost grimly.

"It's very remarkable, Harold," he said, "and it shows that you are a born student of events, that you should ask me such a question just when I am in the mood to talk about it. Harold, I am deeply stirred about the incompetence of Congress. My heart bleeds when I think how our affairs are run."

Harold's voice was full of sympathy.

"Perhaps, papa, when I grow up I can do something to make it better," he said, "if you, who are always so good in telling me such wise things, will show me now just what ought to be done."

Harold's father sighed deeply.

"My boy, I couldn't begin even to suggest to you the depths of stupidity, the awful extravagance, the tragic carelessness of our chosen representatives."

"But, papa, just how does it work? Can't you tell me that?"

"My dear boy, you couldn't have come to a better person. Listen and I will, in a few simple words, tell you just how our government is run. First, you must understand that everybody is busy with his own affairs—earning a living, for example, as I do."

"And doing other things, too, papa—playing ball and running autos and having fun."

"Harold, your brightness astonishes me continually. That is the idea. You see, the people are all occupied, and so they appoint a few men among them to conduct their public affairs—representatives they are called—and they are supposed to represent the people."

"But they don't really, do they?"

"Ah, my boy, that is the sad part of it. Indeed they do not. They have nothing else to do all the time but get the best of the people. They have no system of regulating expenses, and as each one of them is trying either to feather his own nest or to make himself 'solid', as the saying is, with certain powerful interests, you can imagine the awful result. That, in a nutshell, is what is the matter



"WHAT IS THAT CONFUSION OF TONGUES?"
"THAT'S BABEL, MY CHILD."

with Congress. And to add to all this confusion, they talk so much that even when some of them have good intentions, it is practically impossible to accomplish anything. And so we go on, not getting any relief."

"But, papa, we are going to—and mighty soon, too."

Harold spoke in such a confident tone that his kind father looked at him suspiciously.

"Who has been telling you that, Harold?"

"Mamma."

"Um! And what has she been saying?"

"She's been saying that under man's

dreadful rule all has been wrong, but that already sixteen States have voted for woman suffrage, and it won't be long now before the millennium will be here. Papa, what is a millennium?"

Harold's papa smiled.

"It's everything you want, always coming to-morrow."

"Well, anyway, it's almost here, and we'll be enjoying it to the very full, mamma says, when the women rule. And she says there won't be any more extravaganzas, and nobody will talk unless they have something to say, and the downtrodden will have their rights, and poor, oppressed shop-girls will ride back and forth to business



SOME GOOD ACTS
(OFF THE STAGE)

in autos, and—oh, I don't know—everything! Say, father, is that true?"

Harold's father's eyes glistened. His noble chest began to swell. His voice trembled with patriotic emotion.

"My boy," he replied, "nothing on earth could please me more than to have you ask me such a question. From me you will learn the truth at last—eh, what's that?"

"That's mamma coming downstairs. Here she is now."

"Yes, Harold," said his father, "as I was saying, it is our one hope. Woman suffrage, my dear boy, is the only thing that can save this benighted country. And now you had better run out and put in your bicycle before it gets dark."

Protest

A MEETING of subjects which were rivals to the great war was held yesterday afternoon to protest against the manner in which they were overshadowed by the said great war.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, for some months now we have been conscious of an almost constant neglect on the part of the American people; therefore be it

Resolved, That the press be immediately subsidized, all

editorial pages suborned, and such other drastic measures be taken as may be necessary, in order that we once more get ourselves talked about.

Among those who voted were: When-to-tell-the-children, Women Suffrage, Race Suicide, The Colonel and Mrs. Bull-Moose, I. W. W. and Christian Science.



"THESE CRADLES ARE A JOY"



NEWS ITEM

THE ALLIES DRIVE THE GERMANS OUT

For the Sufferers

THE contributions acknowledged below are those received at LIFE office inclusive of December 5th:

Previously acknowledged	\$2,573.16
E. T. E., Harvard Law School.....	10.00
A Friend in Deland, Fla.....	15.00
Margaret and Elizabeth Bush, Mo- line, Ill.	5.00
H. C. R. New York City.....	5.00
John Baldwin, Jr., Baldwin, La....	10.00
Lewis H. Jones, Louisville, Ky....	20.00
M., New York City.....	10.00
Anonymous Cash, New York City..	12.86
Lucy Lee Puryear (aged 4), Dan- ville, Ky.	10.00
Robert Emmet Puryear (aged 1), Danville, Ky.	10.00
G. B. H., New York City.....	100.00
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East Side Bridge Club, Hood River, Ore.	30.00
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L. B., New York City.....	10.00
E. Cranska, Moosup, Conn.....	15.00
Mrs. Theo. V. Rendall, Shreveport, La.	1.00
W. A., Bloomfield, N. J.....	5.00

\$2,873.02

Also a parcel of knitgoods left at LIFE office by an anonymous donor and forwarded to Dinard.

If there exists any question of the widespread sympathy in America for

the suffering women and children in Belgium and Northern France, it is answered by a glance at the above list and the others that have preceded it in these columns. In them every part of the United States is generously represented.

The advices LIFE has received indicate the great need of warm clothing for the women and children who were driven from their homes clad only in their summer wear and now unprotected against the cold of winter. LIFE feels that it is carrying out the wishes of its readers who have contributed to the fund by sending clothes to meet this very definite and unmistakable want.

By the time this issue reaches our readers a second large shipment will have gone forward, divided between Dinard and the American committee in Belgium. It consists of 250 large, warm shawls; 60 dozen heavy union-suits for women; 50 dozen for boys; 50 dozen for girls; 75 dozen pairs of women's heavy stockings and 100 dozen similar pairs of stockings of assorted sizes for children.

These goods are bought in America at the very lowest prices and are delivered direct to those for whom they are intended without overhead charges of any kind. It is LIFE's ambition in the administration of this fund to make the relief practical and to make sure that every dollar contributed secures the greatest possible results.

Although the response has been liberal, the need is still tremendous, and it will continue for a long time to come. To give quickly is to give twice, according to the Latin proverb, but no reader of LIFE who has failed to contribute need feel that any donation to the fund will be too late to save some woman or child from suffering. These innocent victims of the crime of the ages are not the ordinary poor; they are in a country where all the usual channels of relief have been destroyed. Their relatives, friends and every one to whom they might appeal are in the same condition of distress. Whatever help can come to them must come from outside.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Ambition

To Editor "Life Paper" who, like Hon. Emp of Germany, are anxious to obtain a place in the sunshine,

DEAREST SIR:—

My cousin Nogi arrive to me yestday with touching expression and require me loand him ½\$ from my poverty.

"Where you do with all your money?" I ask to know. "If you feel so spendful, why you no go work and urn some?"

"Togo, I must confess it," this he say with shame in his eyebrows, "I seem to lost all ambition."

"If that is truthful," I say so with smile full of cheers, "here are 1\$ cash money which you please keep." I handout.

"Why you want me to keep it?" he require suspectfully.

"As Noble Peace Prize." This from me. "If all personalities should lose ambition there would be no more room for murder, townburn, atrocity, starvation and other forms of Krupp. Emperors would stop bragging about acquaintance with God and pay some tension to humanity. Nogi, I am full of prides to be connexted with family what got no ambition. If I had 10\$—which I insure you I have not got—I should also give you that to express love. You could make very nice king for some civilized country in Europe!"

"Where is some civilized country in Europe?" my enlarged Cousin ask to know.

"I am disabled to reply," I report off. "Yet who knows what might be accomplished by a king who do not want to accomplish anything? I am good notion to make you Emperor of Germany."

"Are not Hon. Kaiser Wm pretty nice Emp?" Nogi inquisitive.

"Yes and perhaps not," thusly I negotiate. "In date of former yore Hon. Gallileo report 'the world do move', but he receive kneck-chop too soon to tell which way it move—backwards or forwards. If Hon. World



"Fifth reserve corps composed of men between 60 and 75 will start at once for Antwerp"

move forwards (which are believed by superstitious astronomers) then Hon. Kaiser Wm are bad Emp. If it move backwards (which are continuously reported in news-prints) then Mr Hohenzollern are very nice Emp. Howeverly you think of him it must not be deny that he are entirely glorious.

By putting on pretty helmet resembling Lohengrin he can stand fearlessly entrenched in War Office, Berlin, and make 1,000,000 widows in one (1) week by merely press of button."

"Knock der Kaiser!" Nogi holla with expression of Irish neutrality.

"Not necessilly," I renig distinctu-

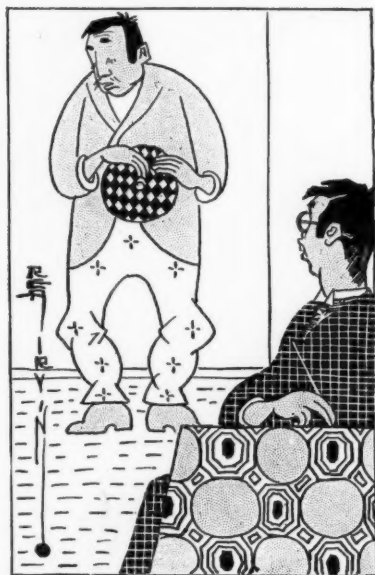
ally. "Hon. Wm are good family man and other high qualities. He are affectionate father and permit Hon. Crown Prince to smoke cigarettes beside smokeless siege guns where he can get good moving picture of $\frac{1}{4}$ Germany being shot. Not only this, but he are very patriotic."

"Patriotism are love of country are not?" is next question for Nogi.

"Undoubtedly yes," I suggest. "This patriotic king teach his people to love the Fatherland."

"How he do this?" Nogi reply.

"By permitting them to walk in solid splatoons against French-speak-



"Togo, I seem to lost ambition"

ing cannon and to remain dead in heaps all over Belgium. While doing this he make his country considerable popular among French, English, Russians, Montenegros, Servians, Italians, Japanese, Hindoos and considerable other millions who are urging their young men to be murdered behind trench to oblige that royal whimm. Patriotism are like several less pleasant disease—persons catch it from each other. Because Hon. Wm arose up one morning still suffering from divine inspiration which he drunk night before, then was signal for all Europe to make its will and commence singing national anthems."

1600 1700 1800 1900



THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FORTUNE

"When folks begin singing national anthems then is time for nurses to prepare bandages," repose Nogi, who thinks frequently.

"Not since date of Napoleon have so many bands played to drown groaning in hospitals. Laughter has been forgotten by women who see nothing amusing in widowhood with considerable starving children in every house; best thinkers in France, Germany and England cannot observe the intellectuality of holding up their good brains to stop cheap bullets; butcher, baker & taxicabman cannot see some tense comfort or profit in sleeping in ice-water while shooting at uniforms they care nothing or less about. Yet they must do so because war is hell and therefore desirable to Ambition."

"Hon. Emp Wm do not want war neither, do he?" Nogi agnosticate.

"Sipposedly not," I narrate. "Quite frequently he weep for something. Now & occasionally, when not engaged in clipping those moustache, he dictate following manifestus:

"Divine Inspiration No 442311-D—My heart bleeds for Louvain also for Rheims cathedral, little girls crippled by Zeppelin bombs, hospitals blown up or any other atrocities not yet reported and included in Program of German Culture so gloriously begun in our faithful province, Belgium. I am aware of some suffering among killed and wounded,

but widows and orphans are invited to feel no loss, because I am still here to extend fatherly love to anybody between age of 16 and 60 willing to leave home at oncely and be killed out of affection for me.

"I am friend of Peace. I did not start this war. It were forced on my dearie Fatherland out of fear of Servia who are armed and very dangerous. Also I would stop war if possible; but can't do, thank you, because War Lords are good starters but poor stoppers.

"Cheer up, Germans! Everything you do is for glory. Fifth Reserve Corps, composed of men between 60 and 75, will start at once for Antwerp. WM EMP."

Thusly do I tell it in brainstormly manner while my cousin Nogi look at me very carnegetically.

"One thing I notice it," he arrogate at lastly. "Hon. Japan are warfaring with considerable minus enthusiasm."

"Japan are considerable behind the march of civilization," I corrode.

"Which way are civilization marching?" he ask to know.

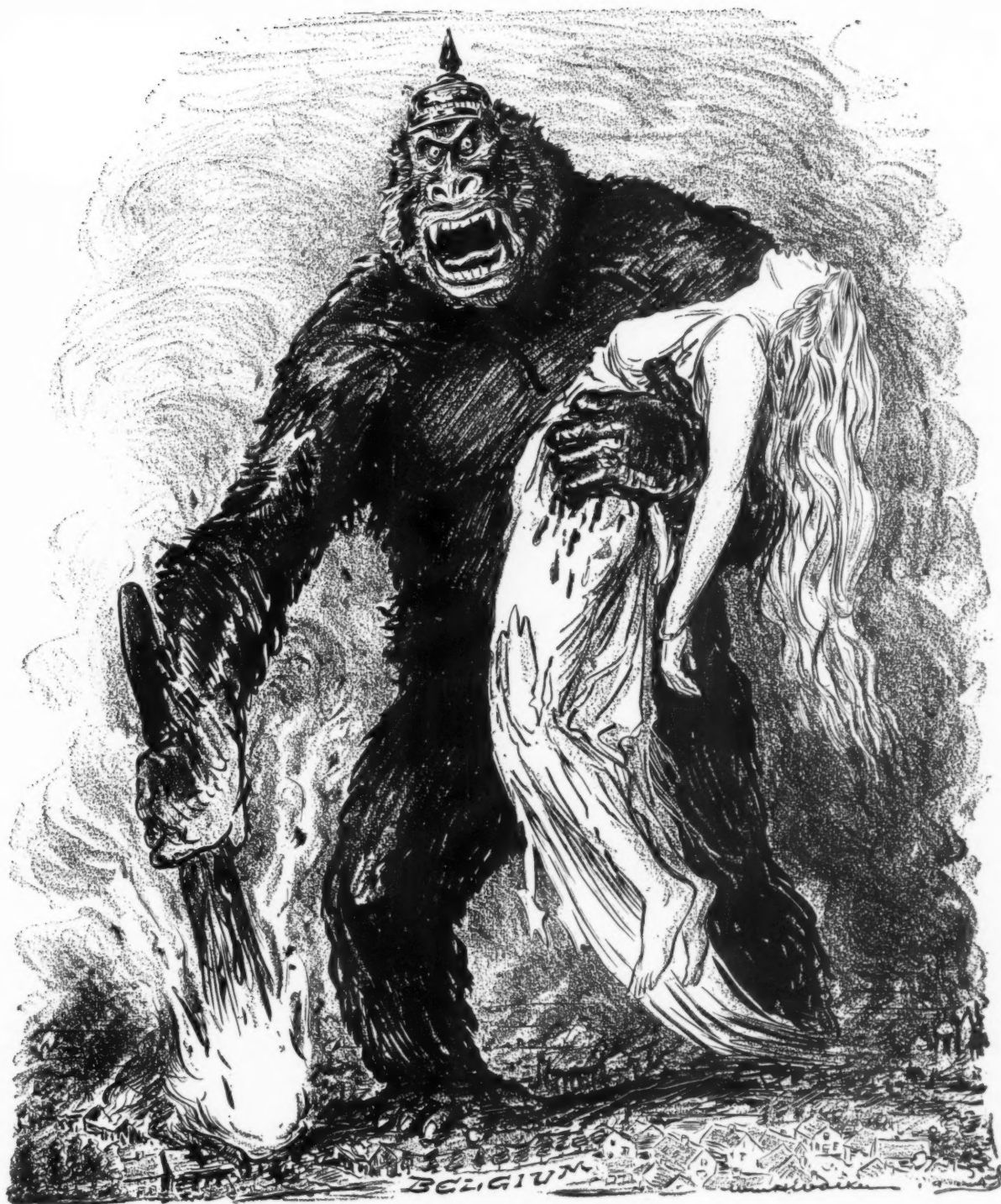
"Toward barbarism," I saunter while feeling entirely blued.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)



THE GORILLA THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN



DECEMBER 17 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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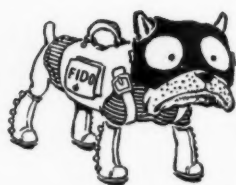
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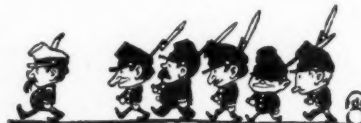


TO our mind, Representative Augustus Gardner does a useful work when he calls attention to the fact that we are slack, even for us, in military provision.

When Mr. Gardner does something that he considers important, he does it with emphasis, and even noisily. One recalls his defiance, accompanied with execrations and the clash of cymbals, of the Hon. Theo. Roosevelt in a late political campaign in Massachusetts. What the defiance was about has passed from memory, but traces of the concomitant noise still remain in one's mind. In asking for more torpedoes, soldiers, saltpetre, tinned beef, sailor-men, gunners, aeroplanes, diving-ships, trained censors and other attributions of the apparatus of contemporary warfare, Mr. Gardner has done it, as usual, with the utmost din he could produce. We do not criticize him for that, for no doubt to stir people up to improve their defenses is a noisy job and has to be noisily done. But while the noise seems to be doing its work, it has scared a lot of very good people, who, as it looks to us, have really no reason to be alarmed by anything that is contemplated. The respected *Evening Post* is the chief vehicle by which they convey remonstrances to the ears of a select public. Bishop Greer has spoken in the *Post*, in deprecation of all war preparation, and consistently, because Bishop Greer has come out flat for non-resistance. Mr. Carnegie has so spoken, and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, and latest, at this writing, Miss Lillian Wald, the eminent settle-

ment worker. Miss Wald says the social workers are against armament. She says that if we fortify the Canadian line, we shall presently be fighting Canada. She thinks the psychology of those who would insure peace by being ready to fight is all wrong, and she applauds the reported attitude of President Wilson in opposing the Congressional investigation of our means of defense which Mr. Gardner desires.

What Miss Katharine B. Davis thinks on this subject has not been disclosed in the *Post* at this time of writing, but one longs to know. Meanwhile, the remonstrance already seems disproportionate to the military improvements intended. We have not heard yet of any purpose to fortify the Canada line against the Germans, and hope is still high that the Germans will not conquer Canada. The most that seems to be proposed by the anxious is that we shall try to get better value for the considerable expenditure which we already make on our army and navy; that we shall keep up our navy, and perhaps increase it a little; that we shall provide due store of such things as cannot be improvised in an emergency, and that we shall increase the army a very little and try to contrive an available force of instructed men about as large as that maintained by Switzerland.



THAT does not seem to us a very jingo programme, nor one that warrants much emotion in opposition.

It is as though the city of New York should conclude that it needed a thousand more cops. Our friends who oppose a Congressional inquiry into our means of defense go at it very much in the spirit of the teetotal people who hold that one drink is the first step that leads down to a drunkard's grave. But we have an army and navy now, and the question is only whether we shall have a good little army that will serve our modest turn, or an inadequate little army that may not. Congress should be able to find out what forces and ships and munitions we need and make provision accordingly without excitement. If the President prefers that Mr. Gardner should not stir up the subject, it is probably not from objection to have done what is suitable, but from a preference that what should be done shall be done without superfluous clamor. What Mr. Gardner does may be done noisily and no great harm ensue, but what the President or Congress may do had better be done without unnecessary advertisement to the other nations that we are increasing our stock of explosives and fighting machines and mechanics, and putting a few thousand more young men in the way of learning how to march and shoot.

Not that the nations of Europe are likely to worry just now about any war preparations we may make, whether quietly or noisily. They are very much too busy. They don't care what we do, so long as we mind our own business, and it is by so much the better time for us to do what seems desirable.



FOR some reason we hear less about the French than of the other peoples who are fighting on the western side of the war. Naturally the English papers get and print more news of the English soldiers than of the others. We get that, and a good deal about the Belgians, dead or alive, combatant and non-combatant, but not so much just now about the French as about the Germans. Our correspondents who are with the Germans seem more successfully communicative. Some of the stories they send in put the German



The Butcher: WHEN I HEAR THE FOOL OPINIONS SOME GUYS HAS ABOUT THE WAR I COULD MURDER 'EM. WHICH SIDE ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF?

fighting men in a very good light. They seem to be capable of anything, good or bad, but certainly of a great deal that is good. And we read, gladly, all stories of their virtues and amenities which do not record military success. Our immense interest in them and curiosity about them continues unappeased. Doubtless it was unwise of them to thrust themselves on notice as they did, but the thrust as an advertisement is immensely successful. It is likely that, no matter how they come out of the war, the German people will reap a kind of advantage from all this dear-bought publicity; the kind of advantage the French got out of the Napoleonic wars. In the end the French were beaten, but they got a huge portion of "gloire", and "gloire" is advertisement. For a century everyone who

has known anything has felt that he knew the French. So, beginning now, everyone who knows anything will include in his pack of knowledge a whole set of ideas about the Germans, all dating from 1914. They will get out of the war an immense instruction and a colossal advertisement.

If they are beaten conclusively enough they will be better liked than they ever have been. It will probably go far to cure their appalling self-esteem, diminish the atrocious arrogance of those who were overbearing, and correct the boorishness of those who knew no better. A chastened Germany that has been assisted down from the pinnacle of 1870 will appeal to the hearts of men.

The tenor of the news we get all implies that this blessed process of assisting Germany to alight from her

high horse is steadily proceeding. She fights with splendid gallantry and does not get ahead any. Her successes, as we hear of them, are in getting out of bad holes without being annihilated. She is more hateful than her opponents because she is (except in Eastern Prussia) the invader. She has not suffered yet, except in Eastern Prussia, as she has made Northern France and Belgium suffer, but the disposition to cure her of her good opinion of war is extremely resolute and has a backing that looks more formidable every day.

But it will take time. There is no sign of peace. A wise thought that stood out in a discourse, mostly unwise, by Mr. Carnegie in the *Sunday Times* was that the war could not end until somebody was beaten.



THAT, however, is a matter in which we can only be lookers-on. The detail in which we can and must continue to be active is in trying to save some wounded men alive and tide the Belgians over winter. The trouble with this work is that the more that is done the more there is to do. By letting two or three million Belgians die of starvation and exposure, the task can be considerably reduced, but it does not appear that anybody hereabouts has advocated that method of reduction except two New York woman-suffrage leaders, members of the executive committee of the Women's Political Union. Both, as quoted in the *Evening Post*, "declared themselves as wholeheartedly against any efforts for relief of the Belgians, the soldiers, or any persons suffering from the war". Both agreed, as quoted, that if warring nations could not look after the sufferers by war, combatants and non-combatants, it was better to let them die, and so end the war more quickly. One of them said:

We have only a certain amount of time and money to give; therefore we both believe in devoting it to the one cause that more than any other will make such inhuman wars impossible in the future—votes for women.

Thus we see that Pan-Germanism is not the only political malady that can cause naturally humane people to harbor monstrous sentiments.



PEACE 1814





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C. BROUGHTON



From Girls and Music to Mormonism



HAZEL DAWN is a charming emphasis on one of the worst faults of the American stage. The emphasis is emphasized by the fact that she has just reached stardom in Mr. Victor Herbert's new operetta, "The Débutante". Here is a young woman who, in spite of her excessive and inartistic makeup, is undeniably pretty. She is also graceful and slenderly shapely. She can play the violin with some skill and considerable feeling. Her singing voice, although not remarkable, is sweet and shows evidence of training. But when she speaks it becomes a case of—to quote the late William Shakespeare—"Good-night, nurse". And, as she continues to speak, she again suggests a reference to that other remark of Mr. Shakespeare's when he said something like "if music be the food of love, sing on".

Miss Dawn—there being no evidence on the programme that she is Mrs. Dawn, or the widow Dawn, it seems safe to allude to her as Miss Dawn—in spite of all her attractions, is afflicted in her speaking voice with a violent case of the wild-Western nasal twang. It would be unkind and uncharitable to dwell on this defect if it were an incurable ailment, an inherited disfigurement or something that could not be overcome by effort. It may also appear invidious to single out Miss Dawn for this criticism when there are on our stage so many artists, male and female, who offend the ear in the same or similar fashion. The down-East twang is no more agreeable than the Western one, or than the Pittsbur-r-r-g burr, but the defect of the star of "The Débutante" has the misfortune of being a case conspicuously in point just now. In her native environment her fault would probably be noticed no more than the drawl of the Southern States would be noticed south of the Mason and Dixon line, but in New York we have a right to demand that on our stage local intonations and inflections should be put aside in favor of the most musical English that we can attain.



HAVING made Miss Dawn suffer for the faults of others as much as her own, it is only fair to reiterate that in most respects she is entirely acceptable as a musical-show prima donna. In "The Débutante" she is given an excellent setting, with unusually good music by Mr. Victor Herbert, a book rather above the recent standards of Messrs. H. B. and R. B. Smith, a competent cast throughout, comedians who are funny without being over-obtrusive, and—it seems almost superfluous to mention the fact in speaking of a musical show, but it is really true in this case—a numerous and comely chorus. If there could be any doubt about the

comeliness and shapeliness of the aforesaid chorus the producers dispel it by displaying its members freely in gorgeous costumes and also not in gorgeous costumes.

"The Débutante" increases the visible supply of musical shows by one that seems likely to have a potent interest for the t. b. m. and some others.



IT may surprise a good many of those who see "Polygamy" to find out that Mormons are very like other human beings; that they dress as well as persons of similar station in other parts of the United States, and that their standards of education, and even culture, are above the average. The time of the play is the present, and the authors make themselves responsible for the implication that to-day polygamy is generally practiced among the Mormons.

With this last and very doubtful assumption granted, the authors have material dealing with the institution of plural marriage out of which they have constructed an unusual and thoroughly interesting drama. It is a novel motive for the stage that hinges on the complications in fact and feeling that may develop from such a social condition.

The surroundings of the characters are middle-class, but as poverty is unknown among the Mormons there is nothing sordid any more than there is anything very picturesque. It might be life in any well-to-do community, the dramatic element being supplied by the ever-present and dreaded power of the church.

Whether the play will be generally accepted remains to be seen. In view of the recent Congressional investigations, it is doubtful that great credence will be given to the assumption that polygamy is still enforced on its people by the Mormon Church. Besides this, the motive for submission to the decree is in the present story made the dread of the principal characters to lose their possessions by taking train and going



AN UNCONFIRMED ROOMER



THE PIED PIPER

away from Salt Lake City to some other place, where they could conduct their matrimonial affairs in their own way. However, they eventually decide on this solution, and presumably all goes well.

In spite of these defects, "Polygamy" is worth seeing as a play and as giving us a glimpse into an unusual aspect of American life as it once was, regardless of whether or no the practice is still kept up.



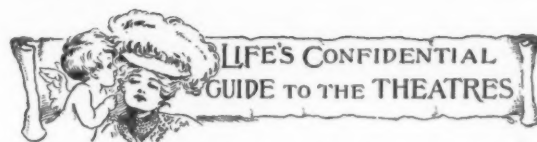
THE gay young Lothario who came out of the West and, under the name of Willard Mack, gave us that amusing classic of the underworld called "Kick In", has been quick to avail himself of the vogue he gained by that accomplishment. In "So Much for So Much" he presents himself not only as author, but also as principal actor, and succeeds in both capacities.

The theme of the play is the familiar one of the girl stenographer lured by her wealthy employer, but as the scenes are all laid in New York City the tempter is not subject to the Mann Blackmail Law and the young woman has to be saved from her predicament by the usual dramatic process of the youthful hero coming to her rescue. The salient features of "So Much for So Much" are the ingenious creation of the climax, some excellent bits of character-drawing, a pervading sense of humor and the author's thorough acquaintance with all the recent and latest vintages of slang.

The author makes himself a newspaper reporter, which accounts for his command of slang and for the omniscience and omnipotence which enable him to snatch the heroine from the clutches of her wealthy and influential employer. The heroine is portrayed by Marjorie Rambeau, who displays for the first time on the New York stage abilities and an attractive personality which provoke interest in her present performance and future possibilities. She is certainly sufficient to the rôle of the wilful and self-reliant stenographer.

There may be a lesson for some young persons in "So Much for So Much". For the worldly wise it is a well-played drama of a far from incredible phase of metropolitan life.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"The Miracle Man." Combined humor and pathos of the belief in faith-healing, a criminal side-issue providing the fun. Interesting and well played.

Belasco.—"The Phantom Rival." Dream drama staged in interesting fashion and agreeably acted by company headed by Laura Hope Crews and Mr. Leo Ditrichstein.

Booth.—"Experience." Modern morality play with the temptations and vices of our own time pictured in elaborate allegory.

Candler.—"On Trial." Novel method of turning a murder story into a melodrama. Holds the attention closely throughout.

Casino.—Moving pictures. "In the Land of the Head-Hunters".

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Jolly farcical comedy having a lot of fun with the commonplace subject of advertising.

Comedy.—Marie Tempest in "At the Barn", by Anthony P. Wharton. Very light little English comedy made possible by the sheer force of the star's abilities as a comedienne.

Curt.—"Under Cover." Refined smuggling utilized as the subject of a polite melodrama which also embodies some rather severe reflections on the methods of Uncle Sam's Custom House.

Empire.—"Driven," by E. Temple Thurston, and acted by English company. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Lilac Domino." Charming comic opera presented with principals and a chorus who can sing. Not startling in any way, but pleasant musical entertainment of the lighter type.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Well-played and absorbing melodrama of murder in the upper circles of society. Gets its humorous vein from depiction of police methods of dealing with such occurrences.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Diverting farce demonstrating that every gentleman who lives in an apartment house and is given to spirituous indulgence should cultivate his bump of geography, so that he will in all conditions be sure of the location of his own flat.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." Somewhat humorous and somewhat pathetic little play dealing with the life story of a girl whose career started in a foundling asylum.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Musical extravaganza with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the stars. Extremely funny and very elaborately staged.

Harris.—Moving pictures of Pope Pius X and the Vatican.

Hippodrome.—"The Wars of the World." Not by any means so warlike as its title would imply. Picturesque and amusing spectacle on a big scale.

Hudson.—"Damaged Goods." Mr. Richard Bennett and most of the original cast in Brieux's widely discussed stage discussion of disease. Allowable only for its educational value.

Knickerbocker.—"The D butante." Musical show, with Hazel Dawn. See above.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Amusing light English farce with cast of English actors. Rather commonplace for this theatre, but diverting.

Longacre.—"So Much for So Much," by the author of "Kick In". See above.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, with Elsie Ferguson as the star. The bachelor life of London in touch with the seamy side. Original in treatment and movingly played by good cast, with Miss Ferguson showing very unusual ability.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl." Originally a legitimate comedy and now turned into a highly amusing musical play, with score by Victor Herbert and lyrics by Henry Blossom.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." Entirely American melodrama built up after the manner of the Drury Lane successes in the same field. Spectacular and big in every way.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Hawk," with Mr. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat. French society drama of intrigue. A bit old-fashioned, but interesting and well done.

New York.—The old story of "Damon and Pythias" in moving pictures. The classical story elaborately produced in film form.

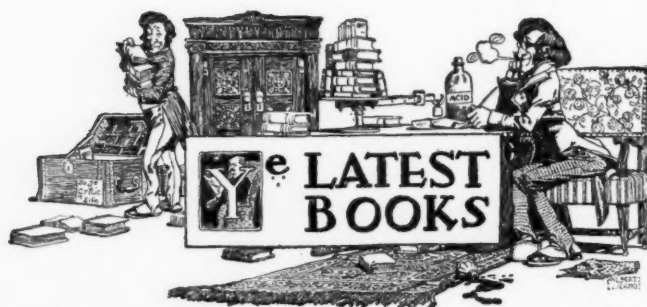
Park.—"The Garden of Paradise," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Charming stage version of Andersen's fairy tale, "The Little Mermaid". In the main well played, but notable chiefly for the beautiful stage settings arranged by Mr. Joseph Urban.

Princess.—Four playlets of varying character and interest, with Mr. Holbrook Blinn and his excellent company. Not so radical as some of his previous bills at this house, but calculated to excite and hold the attention of the spectator.

Shubert.—"Suzi." Of Viennese origin and of the usual girl-and-music style of construction. Moderately diverting, but in no way original.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Belgian war pictures.

Winter Garden.—"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson as the star. The usual wholesale effort to carry the tired business man's intellect away from his fatigue by a liberal display of chorus girls, dancing, comedians and glittering scenery, all to the accompaniment of tinkly music.



A DOZEN years ago C. Hanford Henderson published a book, called "Education and the Larger Life", that not only won an instant recognition among optimists, but produced an impression on the thoughtful that is still remembered. Later he published a novel, "John Percifield", which inclined the critical to keep an eye on him. Then—he disappeared. That was ten years back. Now, quite suddenly, he has again swung into visibility. He has just published a book—a truly valuable volume—called "What It Is to Be Educated" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50), in which he offers us the comment of his maturity upon the enthusiasm of his youth. Mr. Henderson, during these years, has been an educator of boys, and his new book differs from his first by the full width of the gulf set between practical idealism and idealized practicality. But—and it is seldom indeed that such an engineering feat is performed—it flings a bridge, precarious but practicable, across this chasm into which many of us fall and from which still more of us turn aside.

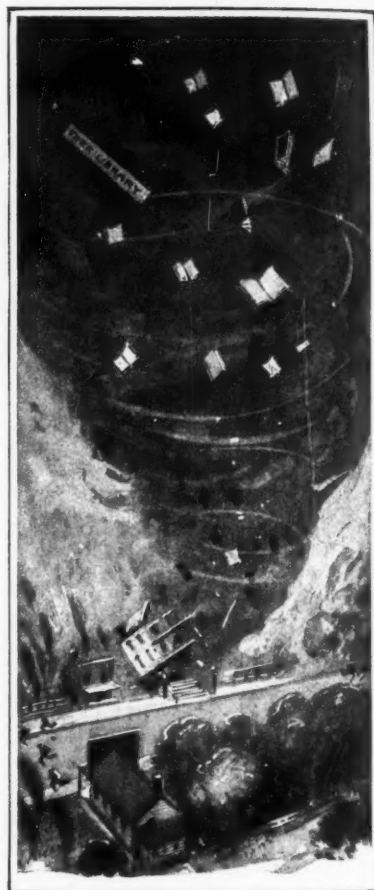
"THE CLARION" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.35), by Samuel Hopkins Adams, belongs to that typically American form of fiction, the "special inquiry" or "investigator's report" novel. Almost every phase of our politics and business has been the subject of this sort of fictional exposition during the past decade. And for a time, during the muckraking period, the type literally ran amuck over the national map; with the inevitable result that we sickened of it and refused any longer to be lured by it. But both the novelists and the public have rested and recovered from that orgy. Our in-born love of being taken behind the scenes had revived. And when Mr. Adams, a trained newspaper man, an active agent in the formation of the Pure Food and Drug Act, and a competent writer of fiction, offers to take us, in "The Clarion", behind the scenes of the newspaper office and the patent-medicine business, there is a suggestion of

excitement and a promise of interest in the invitation that the book fully justifies.

WALTER LIPPMANN published last year "A Preface to Politics". He has now followed it up with a series of connected essays called "Drift and Mastery" (Kennerley, \$1.50), a series analytical of some of the social thought-tangles of our transitional times. In a way—perhaps in an unavoidable way—the book is a disappointment. It lacks something of the tingling vitality of the first book. Yet it is very much alive and, at the moment, thoroughly worth while. It deals with the masked meanings of actually existing conditions and states of mind. And it is addressed, not to the academic specialists in social problems, but to the workaday intelligence.

MORLEY ROBERTS, in his "study of a man" called "Time and Thomas Waring" (Putnam, \$1.35), has given us one of the most readable and interesting semi-serious novels of the year—"semi-serious", please note, being used to identify a mental cubbyhole in the reading public's filing system for fiction, and not at all to define the author's attitude toward his work. The theme of the story is a familiar one; the effect upon a man's character and actions of a medical intimation of approaching death. But the treatment is altogether exceptional. Instead of leading us through extravaganzas to a comedy solution, it admits us to an intimate friendship and leads us to the opened door of understanding.

THERE is another cubbyhole in the reading public's mental fiction file, and it is much more popular. It is labeled "The Well-made Story". The well-made story undertakes to fit a Love Affair and a Villain into the framework of a Man's Job in such a way as to hide the joints. It guarantees to keep you guessing, but always about How, never about Why. It fixes attention,



A CIRCULATING LIBRARY

but makes thought superfluous. It is primarily an entertainment. But it is incidentally an anodyne. Harold Bindloss's "For the Allison Honor" (Stokes, \$1.30), the tale of a London tenderfoot's battle against dishonest management in a Canadian mine, belongs in this cubbyhole. It is pretty good cabinet work and results—barring some poor joinery round the edges of the villain—in a first-rate yarn.

WATCH your step! We change here to the local. Margaret Turnbull's "Looking After Sandy" (Harper's, \$1.35) is a juvenile-for-grown-ups story that makes the intermediate stops between the homeless hopefulness of a girl-waif and the final sprouting of a happy personality into womanhood. It is no "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm". Yet, lots of people are going to love it. But this will be rather because it satisfies an existing want in their minds than because it has created one.

J. B. Kerfoot.



HER MISTAKE

"HURRY, JAMES. I AM NEARLY FROZEN"

To the Enemy, on His Achievement

(By Sir Owen Seaman, in a recent issue of "Punch".)

NOW wanes the third moon since your conquering host
Was to have laid our weakling army low,
And walked through France at will. For that loud boast
What have you got to show?

A bomb that chipped a tower of Nôtre Dame,
Leaving its mark like trippers' knives that scar
The haunts of beauty—that's the best *réclame*
You have achieved so far.

Paris, that through her humbled Triumph-Arch
Was doomed to see you tread your fathers' tracks—
Paris, your goal, now lies a six days' march
Behind' your homing backs.

Pressed to the borders where you lastly passed
Bulging with insolence and fat with pride,
You stake your all upon a desperate cast
To stem the gathering tide.

Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold,
Content, on his own ground, to bide his day,
Out of whose toils not many feet of old
Found the returning way.

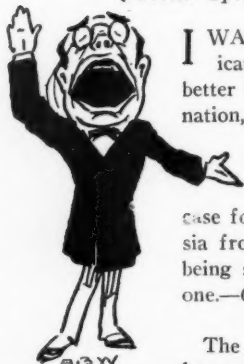
And still along the seas our watchers keep
Their grip upon your throat with bands of steel,
While that Armada, which should rake the deep,
Skulks in its hole at Kiel.

So stands your record—stay, I cry you grace—
I wronged you. There is Belgium, where your sword
Has bled to death a free and gallant race
Whose life you held in ward;

Where on your trail the smoking land lies bare
Of hearth and homestead, and the dead babe clings
About its murdered mother's breast—ah, there,
Yes, you have done great things!

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



I WANT, next time I am born, to be an American woman. She seems to me to have a better kind of life than the woman of any other nation, or, indeed, than anybody else, man or woman.—*George A. Birmingham.*

I have shown that there is a tremendous case for pushing this war to a victory over Prussia from the labor point of view, and that it is being spoiled by the official case, which is a bad one.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

The longer I live on this earth the more of a heaven it becomes to me. The longer I live the more I realize the truth of all this.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

I am not, however, able to discuss the value of Greek with any nicety of assessment. Out of my own experience I could wish that every man might have put into the background of his life what Greek put into mine, especially if he could get it as I got mine, while engaged in the commonplace occupation of a prairie farmer and learning the art of printing in a stuffy job office after hours, setting in type, for practice, my own translations of Prometheus Bound day after day.—*Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York.*

Hunted away from their homes, which have become a heap of ruins, our poor Belgian refugees arrive here in the utmost distress. Day after day we see them coming to us with the same mournful tales of woe and misery.—*Duchess of Vendôme.*

It is almost an axiom in Arctic exploration that one can never be entirely sure of what he sees until he has put his foot on it.—*Rear-Admiral Peary.*

I find that I am more than ordinarily economical. . . . It has always been my desire to pay those about me for their services. But I have never been able to see why a waiter, who is, or should be, paid by the owner of the restaurant, should have from me ten or more per cent. of what I spend for what I want or need just because certain reckless youths have set a precedent that the waiter should have it. It being on my part neither an impulse nor charity nor payment for what I deem extraordinary service, why, then, should I throw a handful of change to the waiter? Because, if I don't, the man across the table, or at the next table, will say I am "cheap" or stingy.—*Harry Lauder.*

Dividends should only be paid when the money is in the bank with which to pay them.—*President F. W. Whitridge of the Third Avenue Railway.*

And here in England we are still asking, "Should civilians arm?" And the women have begun. I hear of women's corps to be trained to salute; also to shoot, if necessary in defense of other women's honor. Is there to be no censorship for this sort of thing? If it is better that ninety-nine war correspondents should be deprived of their "scoop" than that one damaging item should leak through, what about other correspondents who are by no means at the front? A distinguished novelist with a theory may run amuck in all the papers and nobody is going to censor him. Yet his theory may be every bit as dangerous as the war correspondent's fact; especially if it is expounded with virile energy and carries the weight of a great name behind it.

—*Miss May Sinclair.*

The cosmos is one. We here on this planet are limited in certain ways and blind to much that is going on, but I tell you that we are surrounded by beings, working with us, co-operating and helping, such as people in visions have had some perception of, and that which religion tells us saints and angels are.—*Sir Oliver Lodge, President of the Society for Psychical Research.*

Moreover, as I have already intimated, the representative Germans over here are doing the cause of their "Fatherland", as they are pleased to call it, infinite injury. The sophistries and perversions of fact to which they have recourse are creative of more amusement than disgust, even, and that is saying much.—*Charles Francis Adams, in a letter in the New York "Times".*

It is a matter well worthy of consideration whether Columbia University should not once more take the lead in formulating educational policy, and provide specifically that physical fitness as well as intellectual capacity shall hereafter be required of all candidates for admission to the university or any of its parts.—*President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University.*

Canada is already furnishing substantial military aid to Great Britain and the Allies. She has sent a body of thirty thousand men, of well-equipped soldiers, and is preparing more and intends to send them. On what theory, therefore, could we justly object to Germany's taking counter measures and carrying the war into a country which is waging war upon her?—*Ex-President William H. Taft.*

There is no use or no purpose to be served by our closing our eyes to the fact that a very large part of the world is against us.—*Frederick William, the German Crown Prince.*

Your Name a Terror

LET'S give the Germans credit for being consistent. It is hardly fair to blame them for withholding food from the starving Belgians. You cannot go on being sweet and lovely with persons to whom you have promised to make your name "a terror".

There is but one course open to you if Kultur and the Higher Patriotism lead you to kick a small boy in the face, mutilate his sister, kill his father and burn his house and village. The least you can do, after that, is to starve his mother.

News of the Day

(As It Ought To Be.)

ST. HELENA has been completely refitted and it is thought will be ready again for occupancy in about three months.



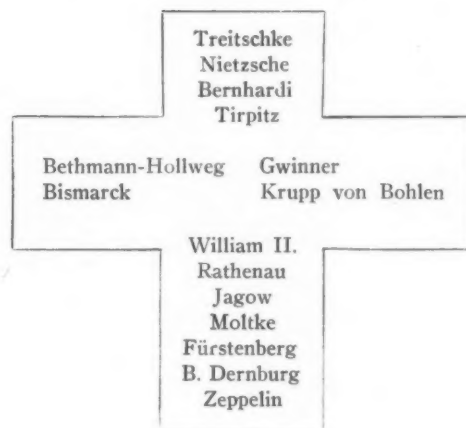
THE PURE FOOD QUESTION

They were both raised on the same kind of denatured cereals, predigested breakfast foods, chemically preserved canned goods, doped meat, etc.



"WHERE TO, LADY?"

The Iron Cross



The Art of Fine Writing

ALONG with the acknowledged deterioration which is going on in our civilization, is it not natural for us to have disquieting thoughts about the continued superiority of the feminine intellect? The feminine intellect has, however, under all the distressing circumstances, been maintaining its lead fairly well. But anything may happen when kingdoms are being upset. The militants subsided. Was there not a similar danger that the art of fine writing, in which the modern feminine mind achieves its most glorious results, might also begin to weaken?

Nobody who has soberly and sincerely surveyed our literature would be willing to admit that any mere man can hope to practice this art of fine writing as it is practiced by some of our leading feminine literary experts. The skill in combining words in such

a way that you are unconsciously carried along, sublimely oblivious to the fact that you are not learning a single thing, has been humbly essayed by a number of men writers—Mr. Masterlinck, Mr. Huneker, Mr. James, as examples—but it takes a woman to do the thing as it ought to be done.

Who, in this country, is such an artist in the art of fine writing as Mrs.

Wharton? We do not mean to assert that Mrs. Wharton is necessarily indistinct. But the trick of literary composition is so evident on every page that for those whose main goal is to learn how to call a spade a spade, what hope is there to achieve a literary reputation?

Woman's lead, we now hasten to chronicle, is, however, still being maintained. Here is a sentence from a late book of "Essays" (Scribner), by Alice Meynell, of whom Mr. Chesterton, in his review of it, says that "the point about Mrs. Meynell is that she has an inexhaustible number of ideas". It is taken at random from her essay, *The Plaid*:

The smoke of the cigarette, more sensitive in motion than breath or blood, has its waves so multitudinously inflected and reinflected, with such flights and such delays, it flows and bends upon currents of so subtle influence and impulse as to include the most active, impetuous and lingering curls ever drawn by the finest Oriental hand—and that is not a Hindoo hand or any hand of Aryan race.

Yet, when we come to think of it, why should not women always be superior to men in this art of using a lot of words to explain something that—hopelessly philistine as we are—we do not think is worth explaining? Literature is based upon speech. And certainly women, since the year one, have had more practice at speech than men have had.

What the vulgar and lower-grade masculine mind is after is a sensation. He wants to feel something. A woman wants to chatter about the way she thinks she feels. Reducing chatter to a felicitous mingling of words is to make a literary reputation. That is the reason why Homer, Shakespeare, Macaulay and Peter Dunne are all so hopelessly out of it.

Consideration Due

THE Archbishop of York pleads that the people speak with admiration and charity of the great German people.

So we should; and for a detail we ought not to let on, in public, that we have ever heard that there was such a country as Belgium.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Protecting Our Fair Land

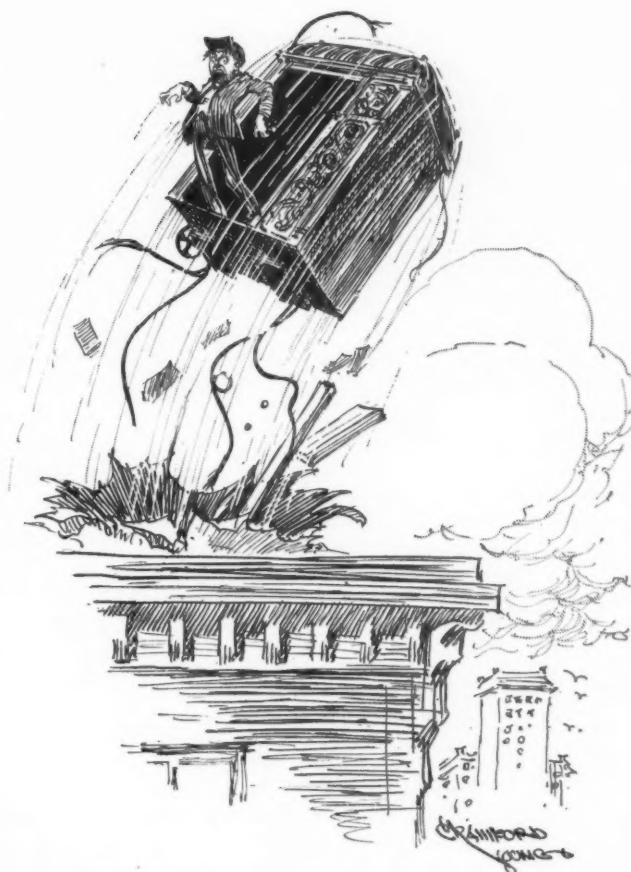


A GENTLEMAN who was born across the Canadian border, but who has lived in a suburb of New York for the good part of a decade, thought it was his duty to become naturalized, so that he could vote and otherwise participate in the affairs of his adopted country. He was a gentleman of education, having been the recipient of a Rhodes Scholarship, and his reputation in his community was well known and above reproach.

In order to become naturalized he had to make a special trip to Newark, N. J. This he did four times, each trip costing him half a day's time and a fee of four dollars in money. The fourth time they asked him a number of questions which most Americans could not answer to save their lives, much less their nationality, but this gentleman gave the right answer to each until they asked him how to amend the Constitution of the United States. To this question his answer was partly right, but incorrect in some detail, whereupon the zealous official told him he would have to make another trip to see some judge or other. In the meantime, on this, as on previous occasions, he saw naturalization papers being bestowed upon groups of Italian laborers whose superior claim to United States citizenship were not



UNDER-DOGS



Progressive Elevator-boy: GOSH! RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR WORKIN' IN ONE O' THESE DINKY LITTLE TWENTY-STORY BUILDINGS!

apparent, except perhaps to the ward-heeler who knew how they were going to vote.

This little story is given merely to show how careful our authorities are to protect our fair (and often unfair) land from the corruption of exotic influences. Our Canadian friend does not want a special movement started in his behalf. He has become thoroughly disgusted and stoutly maintains that he will throw no more good money and time into such a bad system.



RIVALS



"SAY, CHIM, ISN'T IT LUCKY SHE'S A VEGETARIAN?"



"BY THE WAY, MR. SOPHLEY, IT WOULD BE WELL TO AWAKEN THE SLEEPERS BEFORE YOU START THE COLLECTION"

Mr. Simonds: War Editor

IT seems probable that we Americans know more about the war in Europe than any other large company of newspaper readers. We think we have had more reliable news in print than other people. We have read our newspapers gratefully. Our appetite for news has been enormous, and our publishers have backed up their carts and dumped printed pieces into it in a manner fit to be a lesson to contractors. We believe that in the main we got true news, and that, by and large, we know what is doing, but we are also aware that often from day to day we have not understood the military significance of the news that has been offered to us.

That is where the double-leaded editorials in the *Evening Sun* have helped us out. Students of strategy are scarce. The average newspaper reader is not interested in war as an art, has never studied a campaign, never mas-

(Continued on page 1138.)



The Somnambulist (throwing her arms around the burglar's neck): OH, HAROLD DEAR, I DO WISH YOU WOULD SHAVE OFTENER



"AW! WHAT'S THE USE O' WISHIN', SUSIE? WE AIN'T GOT NO CHIMBLEY, ANYHOW"



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER
"WATCH AND PRAY"



When Extremes Meet at Christmas

TWO Extremes met at Christmas time.

"I am just about tired out," declared the First Extreme. "I have been at it steadily now for several weeks making out lists and wandering through the shops and tying up parcels and shipping them off. I am giving more presents this year than ever before."

"It would be impossible for me to give fewer presents this year than I gave last year, for the very good reason that I gave none at all last year and none the year before," replied the Second Extreme. "To me the whole proceeding is the height of foolishness. It may have amounted to something at one time. That I can't say, but if it ever did, it has long since degenerated into a hollow mockery, an abandoned orgy of buying useless stuff and distributing it without rime or reason to unappreciative persons."

"What an idea! I don't see that at all," objected the First Extreme. "To me Christmas is the greatest time of all the year. I look upon it as a great ethical anchor. Without the generous impulses which it inspires and keeps alive, human beings would

soon degenerate into a race of crabbed and selfish barbarians."

"You are entirely mistaken," retorted the Second Extreme. "The influence of Christmas is wholly bad. Instead of filling the hearts of people with love and peace, it merely substitutes a false and artificial sentiment for the real one that we need so badly. It makes people think that by an ostentatious display of generosity on that one day they are absolved for their selfishness during all the rest of the year. Don't you see that?"

"Not at all," replied the First Extreme emphatically. "The spirit of Christmas is one of the most beautiful things in life."

"Do you mean the spirit of Christmas that actuates the dealer in useless junk at outrageous prices or the spirit that overworks the shopgirls and sends them home at night all tired out for several weeks before Christmas or do you refer to the Spirit of Christmas that——"

"I see there is nothing whatever to be gained by talking to you. Sorry I met you. Bad-day."

"Same to you," replied the Second Extreme, with equal fervor. Whereupon they both turned on their heels and strode off.

E. O. J.





Make 1915 the happiest
year of your life

PUT it to yourself this way. If you want to have the best time you've ever had, if you want to see more that is interesting and wonderful than you've ever seen—if you want to have much to remember that is worth remembering for the rest of your life, decide now to go to San Diego next year.

A new wonderland has been created for your pleasure out in the most beautiful part of this beautiful country of ours. Everyone has always felt that "seeing America first" should begin with Southern California. This has been true in the past; it will be a thousand times more true during all of 1915.

San Diego and the country around San Diego represents the very utmost that nature can do for any man's pleasure and delight, or his comfort. Every condition of climate, atmosphere, mountains, sea, flowers, trees is perfection itself. For years every adjective of superlative admiration has been used to do it justice, and still the truth has never been exaggerated.

And now, in such a setting and against such a background has been created this extraordinarily beautiful and original Exposition; differing from all previous expositions; exceeded in beauty and interest by none of them.

Its beauty is attained through its form—the faithful and marvelously realistic reproduction of an Old Spanish City. This idea has been consistently carried out in the architecture, the buildings and gates, the cool patios, the fountains, the fascinating wealth of color, the shimmering white walls against the turquoise sky. Any one who has seen the Exposition will tell you that this all makes a picture he will never forget.

You can come any time; the weather is always delightful, the Exposition lasts all the year. Begin to plan for it now; make 1915 your big "time". You will never have so good a chance to enjoy a wonderful experience.

Open January 1

1915
All
the
Year

"Hacer lo que tú, Oh! España,
Nunca soñaste."—Cervantes.
"To do what thou, O Spain, did
never dream."—Cervantes.

1915
All
the
Year





Making a Distinction

"What is the difference," asked the teacher, "between caution and cowardice?"

Johnny, who observed things carefully for so youthful a person, answered:

"Caution is when you're afraid and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Why Not Call Them Smith?

SMITH: I say, Isaacs, these Russian blokes 'ave the funniest names, ain't they?—Michalovitch, Androvitch, Jackovitch, Stephanovitch.

ISAACS: That's so. You can't tell vitch is vitch.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Specifications Sought

"She is a very smart woman."

"High-brow or low-neck species?"

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



THE BLACK AND TAN-GO

Compensatory

A New Yorker tells of a young Irish couple in his employ, not long come from the "ould country". Shortly after their arrival the young wife, ambitious for learning, entered a night school, since her duties permitted of that.

One evening, when she returned to the servants' hall from school, the husband asked:

"An' phwat are ye learnin' now, Molly?"

"To-night," said Molly, thinking to have a bit of fun with Malachi, "to-night the teacher read to us about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation? What's that?"

"It's hard to explain, but it's something like this: If your sense of smell is poor, the sense of taste is all the sharper; and if you are blind, you can hear all the better."

Malachi reflected. "Sure," said he, "I see. It's loike this: For example, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

"Did you tell Binks I was a fool?"

"No; I thought he knew it."

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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\$1325

Hupmobile Roadster with Coupe Top, complete, \$1325 f.o.b. Detroit; \$1550 f.o.b. Windsor. Without top, \$1200 f.o.b. Detroit; \$1400 f.o.b. Windsor.

Closed Car Comfort at Open Car Cost

There has never been a demountable winter top like the Hupmobile coupé and sedan. Such others as you have seen have been built on a general plan, in local shops, for all cars. This Hupmobile sedan is designed and built in the Hupp factory. The others destroy the lines of the car; this retains the graceful beauty of the new Hupmobile.

The others rattle and shake loose; this is as firmly attached as any other part of the car. The others, at best, are simply protection against wind and cold; this, in spite of economy of cost, actually has limousine luxury in its exterior and interior finish. Business and professional men—doctors and the like—are turning to the coupé-roadster. Women find it endowed with delightful ease of handling, a motor that can't stall, a big parcel compartment, and plenty of head-room for hats and feathers. Families, with one accord, favor the sedan-touring car, which brings them winter pleasures and conveniences and comfort they have never known. Special sedan top booklet on request.



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CASCADE

PURE WHISKY

Conscientiousness does pay—doesn't it? The popularity of Cascade Pure Whisky is a very good example of that truth. Pure as purity—mellow as moonlight.

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1-L

A Letter

DEAR LIFE:

All these American activities to carry surgeons to the fighting Europeans—what are you doing about them?

I hear of Dr. Blake's remarkable military hospital in Paris, of American surgeons by the dozen going to France, of American ambulance services doing a rushing business, of various field hospitals organized and supported by American rich ladies, and you doing nothing to hinder.

If I understand your view of surgeons and doctors, expounded these thirty-odd years, it is that they are enemies of the human race who trade on the credulity of men, cut them up for the fun of it, and snatch a fearful profit from human extremity. Feeling so about them, why don't you raise your voice to save the afflicted Europeans, and especially your good friends the French, from this onslaught of American surgeons? With such a war on their hands, haven't they trouble enough?

Now is the time for you to do something. Surely you must feel that if the American surgeons are allowed to finish what the German *Kultur* had begun, there will be no Frenchmen left to save.

Yours reproachfully,

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

NEW YORK,
November 8, 1914.

LIFE has in the past—and may in the future—criticize surgeons for their cruelty to animals, their unnecessary operations and their excessive charges.

But it never has—and will not in the future—deny their good work.

EDITOR OF LIFE.

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any mere toy.*

A Brownie Camera as the
Christmas gift for that boy
or girl.

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As Seen from New York. Being
Observations from LIFE by

EDWARD S. MARTIN Net \$1.00

Vital, original. LIFE'S editorials on war's carnage from
the point of view that man's main business is to live.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY 681 5th Ave.
NEW YORK

Keep Young while
Growing Old—

AFTER all youth is often more a matter of nerves than of years. You see that proven almost every day—this man of thirty, nerves wrecked and old before his time—that man, sixty but bright-eyed, sprightly because he kept his nerves *youthful*.

It is in this care of the nerves that Sanatogen is of such signal service. For to the hungry nerves, impoverished by overdrafts, illness, worries and neglect, Sanatogen brings just the foods they must have for speedy restoration to health—pure albumen and organic phosphorus in easily taken-up form.

And by thus nourishing the weakened nerve-cells and tissues, Sanatogen helps bring back the ease of digestion, the restful slumber and the vigorous health of youth.

And you—if the enthusiastic letters of 21,000 physicians and the grateful praise of scores of noted people—if that testimony means anything—you will not long delay giving Sanatogen its opportunity to help you.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine,
London, 1903

Col. Henry Watterson

the famous Editor, writes:

"I feel I owe it to truth to state that I have made a thorough trial of Sanatogen and that I have found it most efficacious and beneficent. I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without this Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

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ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It's free. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.



THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP

Fondants
Fruits
Nuts



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de Luxe

TANGO CHOCOLATES

These new dainty and delicious confections with the new sweet chocolate coating are presented in a beautifully attractive box in **Tango effect** and convey beyond any measure of description that temptingly delicious quality, inseparable from premier gift giving.

There is, with them, the same touch of distinctive excellence that has stamped *As Absolutely Best* all Chocolates and Bon Bons bearing the name of

PARK & TILFORD, New York

Dealers everywhere and our stores

Calculations

"Let me see," said the young man thoughtfully, "I've got to buy some flowers, and some confectionery, and some theatre tickets, and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" inquired the man at the next desk.

"No. Sentimental arithmetic."

—*Washington Star*.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Obliging

VISITOR (at séance): I want to talk to Mr. Brown.

ATTENDANT: What Mr. Brown?

VISITOR: I can not remember his first name, but he is only lately deceased.

ATTENDANT (formerly a department-store worker): Please show the gentleman some of the latest shades of Browns.

—*Harper's Weekly*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Definition

"Pa, what's a siege-gun?"

"It's a mechanical device used for altering maps, my son."—*Transcript*.

"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous things and take an interest in deep subjects. Take history, for instance. Here is an interesting item. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute."

The lady was a trifle interested.

"How was it trimmed?" she inquired

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Austrian War Lament

(Or, Pronunciation Made Easy.)

We Austrians cannot stand the drizzle
Of Russian shrapnel at Przemyśl!

The Russian hordes are in the track of
Our noble men who flee to Cracow.

A million Cossacks may debouch,
At any moment, at Olkusz!

A million more reported are
At Kamionkastrumilowa!

And yet another million have
Consumed all food at Jareslaw!

Ah! ev'rything they cleared—as well as
The larders of Jaszarokszcellas!

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

MADE IN AMERICA

Highest Honors in France

Extra Dry Special Reserve
(Extra Dry)

The Only American Champagne Ever Awarded
a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions

Paris Exposition, France, 1887.

Paris Exposition, France, 1900.

Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1887.

Paris Exposition, France, 1889.

Vienna Exposition, Austria, 1873.

Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1910.

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Attend the dentist regularly—it pays—and prevent decay by using Sozodont liquid dentifrice. Sozodont liquid penetrates the smallest crevices—it gets back into the places where decay starts, and this, only a liquid can do—Sozodont Liquid.

Use Sozodont Powder and Sozodont Paste for polishing and brightening the teeth.

Send 2c for generous sample of Sozodont. State whether you wish liquid, powder or paste.

Hall & Ruckel, New York

Makers of Sozodont since 1846

Then down they poured, like molten lava,

On rural, innocent Suczawa!

And now they march, with hungry screech,

On harmless little Drohobycz!

Curs'd be the foreign rascals, greasy,
Who chased us at Tustanowice!

Steel motor-cars—ten guns in each car—
Are rolling on towards Wieliczka!

How truly awful will it be
If Cossacks mangle us at Stryj!

No one may even dare to guess of
The patriots who fell at Rzeszow.

Of Czechs, 'tis said, they've buried a
Battalion at Csikszereda!

As at the banquet of Belshazzar,
The finger writes at Njiregyhaza!

So, ere the sky with dawn grows streaky,
Let's fly to dear old Zaleszczyki!

—*London Opinion*.

The Unjust Judge

"The woman who wastes her time with bridge whist loses the energy for the old-fashioned habit of continual serious reading."—Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, in a recent essay.

THE bridge-players resent the accusation above set forth and demand its justification.

First, we challenge Professor Münsterberg, or anyone else, to canvass the women of any town or city who do not play bridge and discover among them even one per cent. of their total number who have "energy for the old-fashioned habit of continual serious reading". We hold that there is no such thing to-day as "the habit of continual serious reading" among women, but we object to having bridge whist blamed for the fact. Show us the non-bridge-player who employs her leisure time less wastefully. Is it more improving to the mind to cut holes in bits of linen and laboriously sew them up again, meanwhile gossiping or swapping risqué stories? Is it more improving to the mind to wash one's hair and manicure one's fingernails? Or is it (heaven save the mark!) more improving to the mind to write and read "papers" of pretentious ignorance before a woman's culture club? For many years I have been on a still hunt for the woman who doesn't play bridge, but who does do something with her leisure hours that no one could call "wasting time". Yet, such an one have I not found.

Again, we cavil at the use of "old-fashioned" in Professor Münsterberg's fling. All of us remember our mothers, most of us our grandmothers. Can we look back on a mental picture of these old-fashioned ladies occupied with their habit of continual serious reading? Among the "old-fashioned" people few



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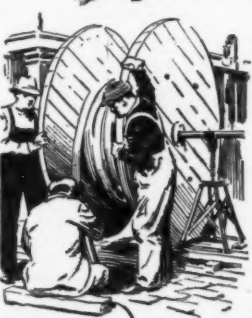
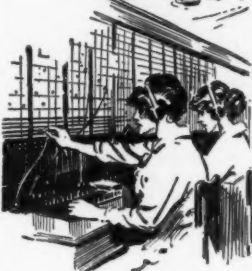
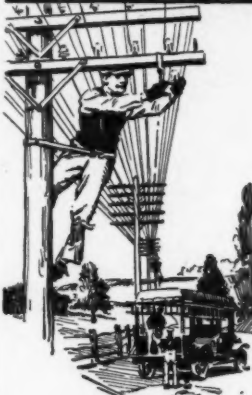
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owned books, fewer still had accessible public libraries. Their "habit of continual serious reading", like their excessive decorum and modesty, is a hallowed myth.

But the present quarrel is not with the fallacy of our foremothers' literary energy, but with the injustice of blaming bridge whist for the present-day loss of that imaginary merit. Indeed, the woman with brains enough to play bridge is far more apt to do some serious reading than her embroidering, gossiping sisters. Carolyn Wells.

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Mr. Simonds: War Editor

(Continued from page 1130.)

tered the details of a great battle. He is interested in war as news, wants to know what is going on and who is winning, how many have been killed and what is next to be expected. We have had no great war under close observation here for more than fifty years, and only a comparatively few readers of books know our

Civil War in its military and strategical details. In our papers since this great war began various experts have expounded daily the meaning of the news, but the writer who has done it most acceptably has been the author of these *Evening Sun* editorials. He has been able two or three times a week to give such an interpretation of the news columns as not only made very lively and agreeable reading, but produced in the reader's mind a grate-



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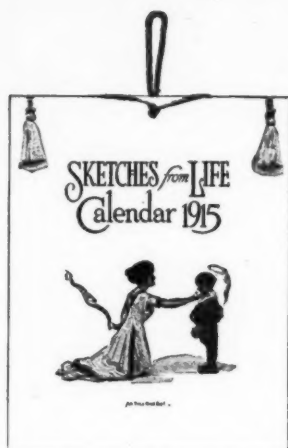
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ful impression that now he knew what was really going on.

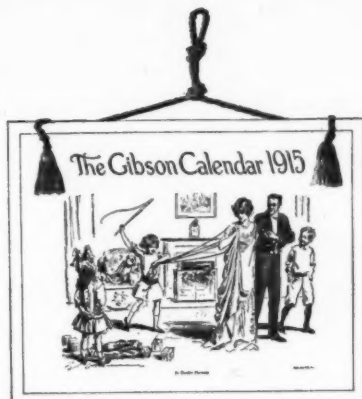
It seems that the author of these excellent pieces, so well written out of so unusual an equipment, was the present editor of the *Evening Sun*, Mr. Frank H. Simonds. He has gathered an installment of them, along with other pieces, in a book, "The Great War" (Kennerley), which fetches the story along down to the fall of Antwerp. When anyone knows anything in a measure that is helpful to his fellows, it is interesting to know how he came by his knowledge. It seems that Mr. Simonds was born about thirty-six years ago in the learned village of Concord, Massachusetts, went to the Concord schools, and in due time to Harvard College, went in a Massachusetts regiment to the Spanish War, spent a year (1901) in University Settlement in New York, and has since been a newspaper man. He was a reporter for the *Tribune* and later its correspondent at Albany and Washington, then for three years Albany correspondent for the *Evening Post*, and since 1908 a member of the editorial staff of the *Sun*, where he gave his mind, as they came along, to the Moroccan crisis and the Balkan War. Evidently, too, he knows our Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War and other renowned disturbances, and when Germany crossed the Belgian frontier he had in his head the necessary grasp of military principles to think like a general staff and the literary skill to convey his thoughts acceptably.

This war has been a sore disappointment to war correspondents, but at least it has produced one uncommonly good war editor.

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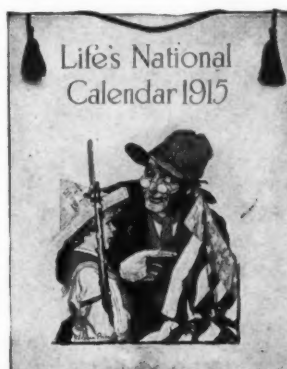
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